

ontend for prizes and honors in he Cyclorama Building on Tre- mercial history. out Street, in that City.

The arrangements for the event have been perfected by a arge committee composed of numbers of the Crescent Post Club and the Suffolk Athletic Cub. Prominent boxers will participate, and the programme will include several special motches Watches specially may for the accesion will be awards the cine is

All are winners who buy from our great Dress Goods Stock.

A KID GLOVE

Miss Poole,

OF NEW YORK,

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Probably the finest Glove Fitter in America, will be with us

10 DAYS BEGINNING

TO-MORROW

and will fit all Gloves bought from our great stock

FREE OF CHARGE.



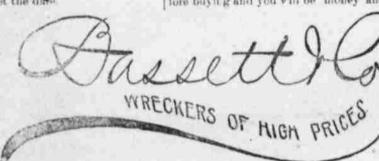
SATURDAY.

The Greatest Event in Hopkinsville's com-

Crowds of delighted people constantly thronged our store in ecstacies over the HANDSOMEST



And the beautiful decorative design of eyes the WORLD'S FAIR. Admiration manifested itself in a substantial way, for notwithstanding there was no importunity to buy, many lovely Dress Patterns disappeared from our shelves to delight the wearers, and become the admiration of all car sped by with a queer buzzing noise. beholders. We are very proud of our piresent stock because in quality and assortmeet every lady will find it gives the widest range for satisfactory selections and our It sounds for all the world like a prices favor the buyer in the most generous manner. Remember we sell Dress Goods at important resential in that are full of honest quality at prices it's sold! I never would have thought 90 wouderfully low. See our attractions be fore buying and you will be money ahead



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We have never had such a large stoe .

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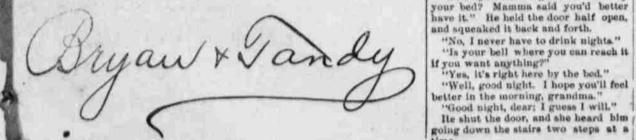
3 patterns of decorated English Porcelain. Make sets to suit trade in price and quantity.

HAVILAND & CO.

### White French China.

EXQUISITE SHAPE.

Next week we offer Big Job Lot of decor- came into the room. "Don't you want from near the old home. rated plates.



Beautiful loaves of bread, Crusty and golden brown. Whose wholesome fragrance maketh glad The heart of king or clown:

Outside, the hue of the wheat, As it bent in the sun of June, Or lay in heaps of yellow bronze, In the light of the harvest moon:

And inside, sweet as the scent Of tosseding heads of corn, And light as the sprays of the valley-mist That float in the wake of the morn.

In homes of wealth and ease, The board is richly spread, But what would the choicest viands be

If there was lack for bread. And in the humble home-The cottage small and gray, The poor man's wife, in callco frock,

Cheerily works away; Her eyes are clear with health, Her dimpled cheeks are red, And she sings a tender old-time song.

As she kneads her sweet brown bread Homely and wholesome bread-This is our need each day,

From the millionaire in his mansion grand,

To the beggar beside the way.

The daily physical want Of nations from pole to pole, An humble type of the beavenly bread That feedeth the hungry soul

And do we comprehend, When our daily prayer is said, How great the gift we ask of God, When we ask for our daily brend? —Hattie Whitney, in Good Housekeeping.

A LONE OLD WOMAN.

Was Her Old Country Home That She Wished For.

Mrs. Allen was ready for bed. She ut up her hand to turn out the gas, and drew it away again and stood oicing down.

"I'm getting so I don't say my brayers no more. wonder what I'm ming to? Her small face, framed in by her lace-edged nightcap, was wrinkled and old, but there was a childishness about er small mouth and her clear blue

"I don't know what Thomas would say. I suppose he sees me faltering rest. here now, with my heart all set against God and rebellious."

She turned out the gas, and went and stood by the window, looking out. She could see the people passing back and forth in the street below. An electric Across the street were the swell fronts of high brick houses, their small squares of grass in front looking dully green in the artificial light.

"There's another electric car coming. thrushing machine. I can see the Thomas pitching, and the meadow between our house and Henning's-and I could have done it. Well, I couldn't do nothing else. I couldn't live on there alone. Seems like trying to pray in a brick oven here. I ought to be thankful I had a daughter to come to." The tears came into hereyes and rolled down her checks unheeded. "There's them papers in the bureau drawer saying David Comings owns my place, and

haven't any right to anywhere. She came out from behind the curtains, and dropped on her knees by the bed, her small body trembling with grief. After a moment she got up and crept into bed, and pulled the bedclothes up around her, and buried her face in them.

The door was opened softly, and ome one came into the room. "Are you here, mother?"

"Yes, I'm here I've gone to bed, Matic. I'm pretty tired. I thought I Her voice, controlled, be trayed no note of unhappiness. "Why, I didn't know you'd gone to bed. Edwin's gone out, and I wondered where you were." She came

scross the room and sat down on the "Do you want anything? What makes you so tired, I wonder?" "I don't know. Nothing, I guess, just wanted to get to bed. I'm all

"The boys are studying. I thought we'd have a little time to ourselves; but I'm glad you've gone to bed if you wanted to. I wish I was in bed myself; but I'm going to sit up till Edwin comes and keep the boys company. They won't study if they're not held to it Good night. I'll go down and let you go to sleep." She stooped over and kissed her mother, and then went out

and closed the door. Mrs. Allen sat up and looked around the dimly-lighted room with its rich furnishings, and at the high windows with their softly swaying lace curtains. "Perhaps after May's past I won't mind it like I do. Seems as if I ought to small the apple blossoms through those windows. All the noises are so run together, and mean nothing here." pervously. At last the sounds in the garts and farm wagons. street grew more confused, and she

was almost asleep. "Who is it? What are you doing?" She started, and sat up in bed. "Matie, is that you?" A small face looked in at the half-

pened door. "It's me, grandma. Did scare you? Mamma sent me up to listen, and, if you were awake, see if ways when she was on the street she you wanted anything. I tried to be still." The boy opened the door, and

"No, I guess not, Harry. a was about "Don't you want a glass of water by

your bed? Mamma said you'd better have it." He held the door half open, and squeaked it back and forth. "No, I never have to drink nighta."

"Is your bell where you can reach it f you want anything?" "Yes, it's right here by the bed." "Well, good night. I hope you'll feel better in the morning, grandma. Good night, dear; I guess I with"

He shut the door, and she heard him ; rub.

The peace of unconsciousness again fell around her, and the lonliness and homesickness that she felt so keenly amid all this care were forgotten. Her happiness had always been in ministering to eihers.

With the first light of morning she woke again. Somewhere a rooster was crowing, with as vigorous and hearty a cheer as ever a barn-yard fowl broke into the dawn.

She listered, but there was no an swering call: just that one repeated over and over again. "Well, I never heard the like! Seems

as if he was just put there to wake me up to think what I want to get away from. I don't see how he has any heart to crow into all this hollowness. The deep grassy yard around her old home, heavy with dew, and the early morning music of the farm, came so clear to her. Thoughts of the forty years of her married life and the joys

and sorrows she had lived through with

Thomas crowded again into her mind. After long hours, when she heard the servants stirring about the house, she got up and dressed, and went out into the hall and down the stairs. The great rooms below seemed more them. Her stooped little figure, re-

flected in the long mirrors, looked dwarfed and unnatural to her. She straightened the lavender bows on Thomas to me," she said, looking at her cap before one of them, and went him with glistening eyes. and sat down at a window in the back The early morning hours until now

had always been so full of duties There had been the breakfast to get for Thomas; and before her two daughters had married and gone away she had had her thought and care for them: and there had been the chickens to feed and the milk to skim.

She folded her hands and looked out of the window. There was a small yard, high walled, with two trees, and worn grass growing around the edges. A box with slats nailed across the there since the funeral till now." front stood under one of the trees, and thrusting his head between the slats old house and build a big new one was the rooster who had disturbed her biggest one anywhere around, they

"Well, you'd have Billie Moore after you if you did, grandina." One of her more shed room. It'll brighten up the

grandsons had come into the room. "What's the sense in his shutting that rooster up that way? He couldn't place considerable," she repeated after get away if he wanted to, over those him. "Are you going out home now?" brick walls."
"Well, in about an hour or so. I have

"He woke me up, too," she said, with with you, I'd like to go and see the old "Breakfast's ready; they're all at it's moved away." the table. Mamma sent me to look for

"I didn't suppose it was so late." They went out to the table in the large dining-room, where the others were waiting. A servant was bringing in the brenkfast. This was always a happy meal in this happy family.

They were all very kind and thought- better judgment. ful of here and she condemned herself home which was not her own.

Matie offered to go with her, or send thankful. one of the boys. "No, I want to go alone. I don't

take. There don't seem to be anything haif-circle of woods. for me to do in the house. I've got to get out and breathe or I'll chafe." "I wish you'd let me send Mary with brightly. you, anyway, mother. I'll worry all the time about you."

Mrs. Allen turned toward her daugh-"Well, Matie, I ain't so helpless I need a nurse to trundle me around yet,"

out into the country alone." "No, it ain't," Mrs. Allen said, turning away. She went on out of the front door,

and down into the noisy street. There was a freedom in its strangeness that she had not found in the big house. She walked straight on for some distance, until she came out into one of the main business streets of the city. It was only one of our small western cities, but it lost none of its importance to her in not being London.

The crowd jostling past had the bright activity and untried interest of the morning. A stream of shoppers an together, and mean nothing here." was already beginning to pour into the She lay down again, and listened atores. The street was full of cars and

She had driven in from the farm with Thomas and reached the city at just this hour many times. It was all familiar to her in that way. They had brought in butter and eggs or a load of spent the day with Matie, and driven home in the cool of the evening. Alwas watching the farm wagons in hopes of seeing some one that came

"That looks for all the world like Henning's wagon hitched down there in front of that store. It is! Why, declare, it is! Those are our old horses! As she came nearer, one of the horses turned his head and looked at her, and then she was sure that she was not mistaken. "You know me, don't you? I do believe he knew my walk," she said, as she came up to them. The other horse gave a low whinny. bead down against her, with a quiet Highest of all in Leavening Power. - Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# ABSOLUTELY PURE

prifferencer

is makes me more homesick than ever to see you, and I believe you feel about the same."

People passing looked at the little It was only one of the queer sights one sees every day on the city streets. Mr. Henning came nerosa the sidewalk from the store door.

"Well, hello! Where did you drop from?" he shouted, in surprise. The utter unconsciousness of every one and everything else around him was on his empty and desolate than her own.

She felt no part or place anywhere in finding a needle in a harstack as lookbroad hearty face. He shook her hand hard. "Welt, I'd as soon thought of ing to meet you this way."

"I saw these horses, and I had speak to them. They looked just like long as you rid behind them with him."

"How are all the folks out our way? Is there any news?" "I suppose you know about our old "I know it's sold. I got the papers

vesterday," She took out her bandkerchief and wiped her eyes. great improvements he's going to make?

"No; I ain't seen nobody from out "Why, he's going to move away the

"If I could get down to you I'd let | She put out one of her hands as if to you out, you poor creature," she said. find support. "Going to move away the "Yes; I suppose he'll use it to make

old place considerable, won't it?" "Yes, it will brighten up the old "I don't know. Billie only got him some flour and tilings to get; then I'm yesterday. The old thing woke me up ready. Any word you'd like to send?" "I was thinking if you'd take me out

> place again. I'd like to see it before "Why, yes. I'll be glad to take you. and Mrs. Henning will be glad to have crament's representative were not alto you make us a visit, I know. I'll stop gether accurate, but his impetuosity "Yes. I'll be aft ready when you rather strongly.

Matie and her busban I talked of their the apple buds were pink. Out into the did not wish the member to be "susown interests and the three boys kept spring sweetness, thrusting her poor pended," and they hinted so by tugup a steady little stream of conversa- old heart into the past, she went, much ging at his coat tails. The indignant

It had been only such a short time for her feelings of separation and lone since, in the happiness of long conliness. She tried to believe that she tentment, she had driven over that was beginning to find her place in this same road with Thomas. And now she was going out to the old home for After breulefast she wandered rest-lessly about the house for some time. the last time. She would never go again. Perhaps after this things and at last put on her bounet and would begin to seem different, and she shawl, and said she was going out for would begin to be thankful. There was so much for which she should be

It was a long ri le, and she was very I do not." tired. It was dark when they finally want to be dependent for every step I came out into an opening beyond a your heart upon me," he said. "Be Mr. Henning pointed off across a

meadow, where a light twinkled all," she answered, in her indifferent "I suppose you know where you are tilt may be you do, for you are the only now?" he asked.

"That's your house, and here's ours. ter, the tears springing to her eyes. I want to step. I want to get out and "Oh, I wouldn't stop here to-night.

were, but you know, it isn't like goin. till morning, and Mrs. Henning will come over with you." "No. I want to stop now. couldn't go by and not." Mr. Henning helped her out, and sat waiting for her in the wagon while she there any other man whom you could went in through the little gate and be-

tween the libe-bushes aione. A little old weather-beaten house, half covered with honeysuckles and think I c uld accept even you." Virginia ereepers. A deep grassy yard. An old home that through forty years one else," he said, more hope ul'y. of shade and shine had held the heart's ove of this one lone old woman. She

went in. clock ticked on the mantle and the kettle was boiling on the hearth brought in butter and eggs or a load of days. There was no emptiness to her help feeling I could compel your love, grain, and done their shopping, or in those bare rooms. All the reality Lenore, if I take the risk, will you life had ever held for her, or ever could hold for her, was here. After awhile Mr. Henning called to her, and finally came up the path and

AN ELOQUENT AGENT.

She Knew All the Conveniences of Mod-The proprietor of a large building in one of the eastern cities which contains several "flate" or living apartments on the upper floors says that he "Cause you're always wantin'to ventinever succeeded in renting these apart- late somethin', boss," and the porter ments rendily until he employed a very opened the window above the man and do you, don't you, old Billy? I don't eloquent trishwoman as janitress or forget you, either." The horse put his sgent for the care and letting of them. Several times the graceful "blarney" "I know; you want sugar. Thomas of this excellent woman has secured a taught you that." She put one arm customer where a less gifted agent so many undergraduates to be pra over the horse's neck and patted his would probably have failed.

"Kinvayniences, is it?" says she to applicants for the rooms. hot en' could wather at all hours of the old won an and smiled, and hurried on. an' set toobs that would make a washerwoman o' the quane of England by

> "Are the rooms comfortably warmed! asks an inquirer. "Are they walcane!" with a surprised air. "Sure, wid a slight turn o' yer wright ye have annny degray o' timper ature known to the therimeter.' "But the staircase-is that easy t

"Now, thin," says the eloquen agent, as if she were reaching the climax of all the wonderful advantages of the building, "the staircase is that aby that whin ye're goin' oppye would well believe that ye're comin' down!" The intending tenant usually capita lates at this point.-Arkansaw Trav-

Familiar Quotations.

Some of the most familiar of "famil iar quotations" are not, strictly speak ing, quotations at all. I have just been reminded of this by a correspondent who wrote to me for information as to the source of the trite quotation: "Kept on the even tenor of his way," popu larly ascribed to Gray. My corre spondent baving expressed his doubts whether Gray or anybody else ever wrote the words, I have had the mat ter looked up. The nearest that can be found to it appears to be the following extract from the uineteenth stanza of Gray's "Elegy":

Along the cool sequestered vale of life They kept the neascless tefor of their ways Doubtless this is the correct reading. But how is it that orators, preachers, journalists and men in the street have so ununimously agreed to change "noiseless" for "even?"-London Truth.

The Irish Member's Parting Shot. in the house of commons, one fa- hand? mons fighting night, a noted Irish member rose to denounce a speech which had been delivered from the treasury benches. He desired to say that the statements made by the gov-"Order! order!" said the speaker of the house, as he rose in It was the middle of May, and the all the majesty of full-bottomed wig cherry-trees were in full bloom, and did not wish the member to be "susagainst Matie's desire and her own yet good humored honorable member and sat down, delivering this Parthia daet: "Very well, sir; I obey your ru

> ing, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe."-Argonaut. WILL THEY BE HAP Y?

That's the Question and All Women and "It would be delightful to set my call on W. E. FOULKS, Agent. heart upon things as do most girls of my age, to thoroughly enjoy them when I obtain them and cry about them when "I wish you could be persuaded to set

cause-because I love you." "I do not believe you care for me a voice. "And yet," more thoughtfully

man who has discovered that I have no "I do, indeed," he persisted, "while you give me scarcely a thought" "Why, mother, I didn't mean you It's late, and you're tired. You wait her cool, speculative gaze. He was She regarded him for a moment with

blushing hotly. "Jack," she announced, "I like you I-I I find you most companie able. But love vou-no, I do not." "Could you not marry me, Lenore? !

> with whom I wish to wed, and I do not "I was afraid there might be som "Have you ever ob ecved upon m part a tendency to hang about the neek

pushed open the unlocked door and of any of my acquaintances?" "No," he answered. "But, though it Everything was in its place. The might be a bore to have a wife who expected a constant rain of pet names and cluses whatever might be the weather Thomas' old hat and coat hung on I would give the world to be sure you their accustomed book by the other love me as fersently as I love you." His door, and Thomas looked up and voice broke a little, and Lenore watched smiled at her from his chair by the him in deep surprise. "I may seem a window, as he had done in those last conceited fool to say it, but I cannot

"If you will take the risk, Jack, I'll marry you "-Californian.

-The Public Ventilator.-The man led her away. - Gertrade Smith, in was in the upper berth of a Pullman and in the middle of the night he called up the porter, "Here, porter," he said, "we want this car ventilated." "Aw," growled the porter, "you news paper men never give a man a rest." How did you know I was a newspagave nim a cold -Detroit Free Press.

-Nothing Left Worth Living For --Visitor-"Weat, in your opinion, can es the first eleven in football. --- ....

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the First Monday in Every Month of this Year exclusively to our customers, by giving them wholesale prices on special lines each